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Virtuosity versus Art.

The more extended the horizon of a man's musical knowledge becomes, the more firmly rooted will grow his conviction that virtuosity for its own sake has no true place within the domain of pure Art; and the deeper and more earnest his studies of the records of the past, the less will he think of himself and his own importance as compared with the advancement of his art. The time has not long since passed away when art was in almost every department sacrificed to display, and when a player or singer was admired, not for his power to expound great music, but for his cleverness in using his voice, or manipulating his instrument, and for his pertinacity in putting and keeping his cleverness, or "virtuosity," before the public. Indeed, this sort of appreciation is far from being, even now, entirely a thing of the past; and there is a considerable section of the so-called "musical public" which thinks far more highly of a show of "execution" in the shape of a cadenza, than of the work of genius which such cadenza is intended to "improve." But this section is, we are glad to believe, growing "small by degrees and beautifully less;" and year by year, as musical culture advances, and public taste improves, attention is attracted more and more to the music itself, and to the manner in which it is performed, rather than to the executive abilities of the performer, except so far as those abilities are rendered subservient to a nobler purpose than mere personal display.

This advance in public opinion is a healthy sign of the times, and as the winter concert-season is now commencing, we would offer a word of advice to all who are likely to appear before the public as interpreters of the works of the great masters. Advice is, we know, plentiful; but it is too often the case that the people who have most need of it are least disposed to take it, from whatever quarter it may come. We think, however, these lines will be read by some who will be inclined to act upon suggestions made with no other object than to maintain a high standard in all that pertains to music as an art.

The advice we would offer to artists is this—*keep self in the background entirely, and bring all your powers to bear upon the true rendering of your composer's work.* Banish "virtuosity," as such, from your vocabulary. Do not forget that, while executive powers of the highest order are absolutely necessary to convey to your audience a true idea of the works of the classic composers, those powers are to be employed *only to interpret your author, and not to exalt yourself.* The artist is the medium of conveying the composer's ideas to the listener, and, like the clear glass which lets in a flood of sunlight to an otherwise dark room, the performer of a piece of music should, metaphorically speaking, be invisible. Without obtruding himself upon his hearers' attention, a true artist conveys to them the thoughts embodied in the composition he is playing or singing—without a single note being added to or taken from that composition. Virtuosity, in the sense of a mere display of executive power, is quite out of place in the interpretation of other people's music. If you are singing or playing a piece of your own, ornament it by all means, if you are so inclined—put in your turns, your arpeggios, your chromatic runs, your chords, etc., *ad libitum*; the piece is yours, and you are at liberty to "do as you like with your own." But you have no right to do this with the music of others. It is an insult to your audience; and, what is even

worse, it is a ruthless trampling under foot of the mighty men of the past, if, while you pretend to play their works, you are "executing" something of your own, to show the public what you can do. If you can, after careful and reverent study of your author, throw any light upon his meaning, or, by your manner of performing his music, help the public to understand him, do it by all means; for in so doing you honor him, instruct them, and render true and loyal service to art. But do not degrade yourself and art too by climbing to the shoulders of the composer whose works you profess to play, in order to show how nimble are your fingers, how retentive your memory, how flexible your throat. You may have the fingers of a RUBINSTEIN, or the throat of a PATTI or an ALBANI; but your powers, be they ever so great, are none too great to do honor to our classic composers; and if you render to them full justice, you will be in the only legitimate way of gaining honor for yourself.

There is nothing which makes an artist more fit for his public duties than this concentration of the whole soul upon his author. Such complete self-abnegation will make his nerves like iron; and if he has any fear at all, it is not that he will "break down," and disgrace himself, but lest he should fail to tell his audience what the composer meant to say.

People who go to hear music—whether organ recitals, pianoforte recitals, instrumental or vocal solos, or what not—have this matter, to some extent, in their own hands. We fear there are not many artists who care so much for art as to be entirely indifferent to popular applause; but there will, we are sure, be many more of this class when audiences learn to appreciate the spirit which actuates the true artist. When people know that the singer or player to whom they listen does not want to display himself, but to expound his author; that the most demonstrative or noisy performer is not always the best musician; that the artist who startles least by his own powers frequently conveys most instruction, and although he is well able to gain applause for himself by a few showy tricks, he prefers to serve art by a faithful performance of good music,—when, we say, audiences remember these things, then, and then only, will art and "virtuosity" change places in general estimation.

The whole tendency of a musician's life, both private and public, will be influenced most powerfully by his views of art. If art is to him a platform on which he stands to attain an eminence which would otherwise be beyond him, he is, and will ever remain, a charlatan; but, if he regards himself as only an instrument (albeit, an intelligent, studious, and appreciative instrument), to set forth good music, and win for it from others the love and admiration he himself feels, then his mission is a noble one, and the good will of those who are able to value his real merits at their proper worth will be a greater and more lasting compensation than any "popular applause" he may fail to obtain.—*London Musical Standard.*

Brahms's New Symphony.

OPINIONS OF THE LONDON DAILIES.

The Times.

Brahms occupies a peculiar position in the history of modern music. Proclaimed to the world as the coming hero of music by Schumann nearly five-and-twenty years ago, he at first seemed doomed to disappoint this splendid prognostication. His early works showed the distinct influence of the composer who had first

acknowledged him; soon, however, an original vein of high quality became apparent, and the first Serenade for orchestra in D proclaimed to the world the rising of a star of the first magnitude. By that time Brahms had shaken off all dependence on Schumann. He had settled at Vienna, and the traditions of the earlier masters of the Viennese school had become part of his being. Wherever, especially in his orchestral works, the influence of other composers is shown, it is that of Haydn and Mozart, at least as much as of Schumann or Mendelssohn, and, in spite of his *début* under "romantic" influences, he is at the present day the stronghold of "absolute musical form and of classicism in its wider significance."

The new symphony in D shows distinct traces of the various elements above alluded to. The beginning of the first movement, *allegro ma non troppo*, somewhat reminds one of the serenade in A, especially as far as the grouping of the wind instruments is concerned; and the second theme, in F sharp minor, beautifully intoned by the 'celli and viola cantando, is still to a certain extent in Brahms's "Viennese" manner. But the working out which ensues, and to which the flutes give a quaint coloring, is pitched in a more passionate key, and especially the fugato passage after the repetition of the first part shows the contrapuntist of the first order. As a whole, the first movement of Brahms's symphony may be called a masterpiece, and worthy of its composer's fame. The contrapuntal writing is excellent, the themes are broad and powerful, and the whole is pervaded by a sustained feeling of strong though occasionally gloomy passion. The last-named quality is again discovered in the second movement, *adagio ma non troppo*, in B. The themes here, however, are less graphically defined, and beyond a general impression of noble intent and consummate workmanship it is almost impossible to judge of this movement from a first hearing. In the two ensuing movements, *allegretto grazioso* and *allegro con spirito*, on the other hand, everything is plain sailing. The composer has thrown off all sadness, and follows his humor whither it may lead him. In the *allegretto* there is the simple *gaieté de cœur* which we have previously called Viennese, and which is also that of Haydn. There is also in the *presto* something like the merry dance of peasants to the sounds of the flute and the clarinet and the "loud bassoon." In this movement a deviation from the classical form may be noted. For although a *presto* intervenes between the opening *allegretto* and its final repetition, the customary forms of scherzo and trio can hardly be recognized. The finale has, by the consensus of foreign critics, been characterized as "Mozartian," and in this judgment we are bound to agree, although the affinity does not amount to anything like plagiarism as far as the melodies are concerned. But the spirit and general structure of the piece certainly remind one of the great master. The *allegro* is worthy of its name, bright and brilliant from beginning to end. In such circumstances much comment is unnecessary beyond the remark that the second theme for strings, largamente, is of greater depth than the somewhat boisterous first, and that the final coda is, like that of the first movement, admirably written. That the lighter measures of the third and fourth movements appear as an anti-climax after the mighty strains of the earlier portions it would be vain to deny. But for that reason the work itself ought not to be depreciated. In his first sym-

phony Brahms had taken Beethoven for a model. Everything, including even one of the themes, recalled the last and greatest symphonic work of that master. Here Brahms is perfectly himself, and in consequence the various elements of his artistic nature, detailed by us, find their adequate expression. Hence the piece gains in character what perhaps it may lose in unity of design. It is in all respects representative of the greatest symphonic writer now living.

The Standard.

Herr Brahms's No. 2 is, in point of technical workmanship, skillful orchestration, and rigid adherence to the orthodox rules of construction, not a whit inferior to the No. 1; while it possesses the advantages of clearness of plan and an amount of melodic expression which is not generally found in this author's writings. We have no doubt that the symphony in D will prove more popular than the C minor, with the exception of the second movement, *adagio non troppo*, which, though a veritable marvel of technical skill, is too learned and labored to prove universally acceptable. As we have before remarked, the form of the composition is in accordance with the precedent laid down by Haydn and Mozart, and followed out by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, etc., and consists of the usual four movements—*allegro non troppo* (D major), *adagio non troppo* (B major), *allegretto grazioso quasi andantino* and *presto ma non assai* (G major), and *allegro con spirito* (D). What will immediately strike the observer is the absence of the scherzo and trio; but Herr Brahms, although electing to depart from the more customary style, has not replaced the scherzo with anything outside the pale of admitted symphonic form. What is most remarkable in the first *allegro* is the "infinite variety" of thematic workmanship, the unexpected changes in the scoring, and the abrupt transitions from *forte* to *piano*, and *vice versa*. So full of change and surprise is this section of the work that the auditor is held fascinated, as it were, throughout what otherwise would seem a very long movement, spellbound by the inexhaustible fertility of the composer's invention. Here we have plenty of tuneful, unaffected expression, contrasted with passages of a more dramatic character, or others that are purely scholastic. Occasionally we are reminded in the more placid portions of Mendelssohn; but it is not for long, and then the individuality of Herr Brahms comes out all the stronger. The coda, with its long syncopated passage for first horn, accompanied by the wind and pizzicato strings, is singularly beautiful, and the *allegro* comes to a quiet but most effective finish. Of the *adagio* we shall make no attempt to speak in detail; it is deeper in sentiment, and perhaps more vague in construction, than the rest of the symphony, and is noteworthy both for the prevalence of syncopated passages and time-changes. The workmanship is highly elaborate, and the instrumentation masterly, but no correct estimate of its worth can be obtained from a single hearing. The *allegretto grazioso*, which does duty for the scherzo, is a charming and dainty little movement, constructed with great simplicity, as to the main theme, and abounding with delicate Schubert-like alternations between the major and minor modes. Again, we have some extraordinary time-changes (a favorite device of Herr Brahms), the measure altering from 3-4 to 2-4, thence to 3-8 and 9-8, and so back again to the original 3-4. It is full of interest and attraction, and possesses a flow of melody such as one does not frequently encounter in modern German compositions. Of the finale it is as difficult to speak with accuracy, after hearing it but once, as of the *adagio*; but we are inclined to place its pretensions upon an inferior rank to those of the remainder of the composition. Unbounded vitality, energy, and spirit the *allegro con spirito* undoubtedly possesses; but it is not always as clear or concise as might be desired,

and is spread perhaps over a greater extent than the thematic substance warrants. Taken all in all, however, the Symphony in D is the work of a master-hand to whom there are no secrets in the treasure mine of music that have not come beneath his notice, to find a ready solver. It is well that Germany can boast such sons of Apollo as this, and it is well for the world of music that there is an active power now amongst us which gives us incontestable proof that the laws of structure which governed art in the bygone era do not necessarily militate against the march of progress at the present day.

Daily Telegraph.

The German master's new work, like the corresponding one of Beethoven, is in the key of D, and differs widely as to general character from the first. Consciously or otherwise, Brahms thus emulates his great predecessors in the art of, so to speak, shifting his ground and taking up fresh standpoints in the inexhaustible region of thought and feeling which belongs to music. An air of idyllic simplicity pervades the new symphony, save in the slow movement, and, on reaching it from the previous composition, we seem to have passed out of a zone of tempest into one of repose. This idea is strongly impressed upon us by the character of the opening *allegro*, which, though not wanting in vigorous contrasts, mainly suggests pastoral quiet and gentleness. We cannot, however, say that the result is due to particularly novel methods. The *allegro* is, in fact, the least original portion of the work, and we do not assert this merely because some passages in it might have been inspired by Mendelssohn. Due weight should, no doubt, be accorded to the frequency with which, in listening to this music, the name of the most fascinating, if not the most profound, of modern composers rises to the lips; but it is of more importance to observe that throughout the movement we cannot but be conscious of a pervading conventionality. The individual composer stands out plainly enough in the details of treatment, and, looking on any page of the score, a student of Brahms recognizes the mark of his hand. But the thoughts and the outlines of their expression are all familiar to us. So far the movement must be regarded as disappointing. Because originality is rare, we almost fiercely expect it from men like this accomplished master. The lack of it, however, should not blind us to merits which are not wanting, and the very movement now spoken of, in all other respects, a *chef d'œuvre*. Its form, closely following accepted models, is perfect; its workmanship that of consummate art, and the inflexibility of purpose which turns to advantage every scrap of thematic material and every figurative device cannot be too highly praised. Musicians, therefore, will hear the *allegro* with delight. They may regret the absence of originality; but must dwell with pleasure upon the excellence of the workmanship. Concerning the slow movement—an *adagio ma non troppo* in F sharp minor—the boldest critic might well speak with diffidence after but one hearing. Though certainly not formless, its form is unique; while its purport by no means lies on the surface. Hasty observers might even say that the meaning is obscure, and the expression, wanting a clue to the underlying thought, sometimes unpleasing. Others, less rash, withhold judgment in suspense till familiar with an utterance which, coming from a man like Brahms, cannot be mere vanity and vexation of spirit. The composer does not style his third movement a scherzo, nor, if fun be deemed essential to scherzi, can it fairly claim a place in the family. Brahms has little or nothing, as far as we yet know, of the humor which is so charming a quality in Beethoven, and we find no evidence of it here. But the movement, which takes us back to the idyllic region of the *allegro*, has abundance of beauty and life. Consisting of two divisions—*allegretto* and *presto*—there is in it much happy variety; nor do we think the less of the movement because throughout we recognize the author's strong individuality. For the rest, its structure is as simple and obvious as the sternest opponent of modern complexity and foginess could desire. The last movement, *allegro con spirito*, has been likened by German critics to Mozart, but this, we venture to think, is a superficial opinion. Its straightforward diatonic themes, occasional unison passages, and sustained animation no doubt recall the finales of the older masters, but beyond this the two have little in common. The movement shows, however, with what happy results a

modern composer can still cherish the spirit of his predecessors. Brahms, without ceasing to be himself, or stooping to direct imitation, here proves the vitality remaining in long-accepted traditions, which those only now reject, perhaps, who are unable to do more than slavishly reproduce without developing. Well wrought, sustained with splendid strength and admirable judgment, the finale rushes on to the end, carrying with it inevitable sympathy and admiration.

Daily News.

The symphony opens with an "Allegro non troppo" (in D major), the leading theme of which is a genial melodic phrase (somewhat trite, however), given out first by the horns, then by some of the wood wind instruments. After being well developed, a second subject is introduced, also in the original [?] key, in which the violoncellos and violas have a prominent share, this theme being more striking and important than the leading subject of the movement. Other episodic passages occur, some of which are distinguished by melodic grace, others by impulsive energy, a fine coda bringing the first division of the symphony to an effective close. The following "Adagio non troppo" (in B major), is far less interesting, both in subject and treatment, than the preceding movement. It is, indeed, vague and unsatisfactory in development, and owes what effect it produces to some ingenious variations of rhythm, and some very skilful contrasts in the instrumentation. The *allegretto grazioso quasi andantino* has much of the character of a scherzo, although not so entitled. This movement produced a special effect, and was encored in the Vienna performance—results that did not follow its hearing on Saturday. It possesses much piquancy and impulse, with some strongly contrasted rhythmical effects, but leaves a general impression of strained effort after originality. The finale—*allegro con spirito*, in the original key—is the best sustained and most coherent movement of the whole symphony. The themes are striking and melodious in themselves, and their treatment is fluent and masterly; a tone of jubilant brightness running throughout the entire finale, which winds up with a truly splendid coda. In proportion as the composer would seem here to have been less under the influence of a craving after originality than in the other movements, the result has been more successful. Not that the finale is marked by plagiarism, either in subject or treatment, but that it is characterized by a freedom and spontaneousness that are not so apparent in the other portions of the symphony. A work of such importance, however, demands more than a single hearing to justify a definite judgment on its merits.

Daily Chronicle.

The concert of Saturday was specially notable by reason of the introduction to this country of Brahms's second symphony in D, Op. 73, first performed by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna last Christmas Eve. The directors of these concerts have been untiring in their efforts to familiarize their patrons with the works of a diligent writer who has long been regarded as the foremost composer of modern Germany, and their exertions have not been thrown away. Since the first appearance of Brahms's name in their programmes continually increasing interest has been aroused in his compositions, until now his popularity is second to none of his contemporaries. Brahms's first symphony, in C minor, was so favorably received on the occasion of its performance here in March last year, that it was naturally supposed the *habitués* would be eager to hear the second work of this description from his pen as soon as practicable. Hopeful as were the English admirers of Brahms of his new symphony proving a valuable addition to the repertoire of our orchestral societies, but few, we believe, were prepared for the vigorous, yet graceful work presented on Saturday. It is in every respect a masterly composition, and the cordial approbation bestowed upon its first performance is certain to be fully endorsed as audiences become more familiar with its merits. The *allegro* is a spirited movement, marked by flowing tunefulness, to which the following *adagio*, in the key of B, comes in delightful contrast. By many, however, the third movement will perhaps be regarded as the gem of the work. It is an *allegretto grazioso*, beginning with a pretty air, somewhat pastoral in character, assigned to oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, with a pizzicato accompaniment of violoncellos. When the theme has been developed the tempo becomes *presto*, the whole movement being so charmingly piquante, that on Saturday it narrowly escaped an

encore. The finale is an allegretto con spirito, in which there is no falling off in the freshness marking the earlier portion of the composition; the concluding passages, indeed, are worked up with such wonderful dash and brilliancy as to hold attention captive until the last bar has been played. Novelty, even when instinct with genius, do not always obtain ready acceptance; but we shall be much surprised if this new symphony does not materially add to the reputation Brahms already enjoys in this country.

R. Schumann and Thibaut.

BY DR. LUDWIG NOHL.

[Translated from the "Neue Zeitung," by J. A. Munkelt.]

It is well known that Robert Schumann, with respect to the spiritual revival of his art, belongs to those who, after Beethoven's death, have most actively been pursuing the cultivation of music. We know, likewise, that the unassuming essay "On Purity in Music" by Thibaut, the great Heidelberg "man of pandects," by its convincing contents, gave the first decisive impulse to scientific circles in general to attend more to the "spirit" in music, and that the universities by degrees assumed its scientific teachings. Interesting it is that both indeed differ greatly in years—the deeply grounded musician and the highly spirited jurist and lover of music—and yet they never entered into a real intimacy. Counsellor Semmel, an early friend of Schumann's, with whom he studied at Heidelberg in 1829-30, relates in Wasielewski's biography that Schumann, who was to study for law, could not even be filled with a passing interest for this science by the highly-spirited Thibaut. A little incident, however, that happened in favor of Schumann is worth noticing. At the college the reasons were discussed why the female sex come sooner to full age than men. "A boy of 18," was Thibaut's rather naïve reply, "is like a young bear; a creature that does not seem to know how to use hands and feet. On entering society, nothing looks more awkward than the young man with his hands behind his back, looking for a table or some other piece of furniture in a corner where he can find some support. A young girl of 18, on the contrary, is not only the most delicate object one can behold, but she is also a wholly sensible person, with her stocking-knitting in the middle of a party, dignified and able to take part in the conversation. Here, gentlemen, lies the reason why the earlier ripeness of the female sex receives legal acknowledgement." "This was well spoken," was Schumann's reply afterwards, "and no doubt Thibaut is in this manner 'spicing' his lectures; but in spite of all his ornaments I cannot get any taste for his science, I do not understand it. In return, a great many will not understand the language of music. But you (speaking to his friends) comprehend something of it, and therefore I will relate you something." On saying this he places himself before the pianoforte and plays Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." "She says: 'This is love's caressing.' He says: 'This is man's earnest voice.' Both are now speaking, and I hear distinctly what this couple is conversing about. Is there not more beauty than your jurisprudence can ever produce?"

We can conclude from this that the young Schumann was already severed from his legal studies, and lost to them forever. And even Thibaut's attractive house was for the studious musician scarcely an interruption in his solitary and entirely musical life. It is further remarked that all ascetic views on music by the celebrated jurist remained without any influence on Schumann's musical turn and development. But Schumann at that time was grown into his music, living only for her secret agitations in the sphere of his feelings and fancies; and the world knows sufficiently all the tender and rich poetical accomplishments in song and instrumental lyrics that have therefrom proceeded. Is it an entire spring full of blossoms of the art.

However, after a long and severe struggle at Heidelberg, where he yielded himself up for ever to music, and where he let his inner poetical life freely breathe, the thought awoke in him of the necessity to himself of music and her laws (which, perhaps, few of the productive natures of his art did); and, scarcely five years after he proved, by establishing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, that in spite of all gainsaying he decidedly appreciated the value of scientific knowledge, which Thibaut likewise advocated for music. Through his activity in the sphere of æsthetic criticism on music, he has effect-

ed a decidedly great and manifold change, which led to important accomplishments in the science of music through such men as Marx, Jahn, Chrysander, Ambros, etc., etc. Schumann, therefore, was not at Heidelberg and with Thibaut in vain. Later in his life he speaks himself with enthusiasm of the powerful influence which Thibaut exercised over him.

To show that the inner feelings for music in the soul of the earnest jurist and those of the quiet, thoughtful Schumann were equally founded on truth and clearness, let us here add a little anecdote. At one of their personal meetings they happened to come upon Rossini, who at that time was ruling over the continent. Sarcastically Thibaut remarks: "His music appears to me as if some one uttered in a sweet note of a flute, 'L... L...o...v...e (screaming) THEE!'" This made Schumann laugh most heartily, and was the cause of the greatest merriment.

The Concerto. Its Origin and Development.

BY EBENEZER PROUT.

(From George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Part IV.)

CONCERTO (Ital.; Ger. and Fr. *Concert*). This name is now given to an instrumental composition designed to show the skill of an executant, and which is almost invariably accompanied by orchestra—one exception being Liszt's 'Concert Pathétique' for two pianos, and another Schumann's Sonata, op. 14, originally published as 'Concert sans orchestre.' The word was however at one time used differently. It was first employed by Ludovico Viadana, who in 1602-3 published a series of motets for voices and organ, which he entitled 'Concerti ecclesiastici.' In this sense the word was used as equivalent to the Latin 'concertus,' and such works were called 'Concerti da Chiesa' (Church Concertos). Soon other instruments were added to the organ; and ultimately single instrumental movements in the sacred style were written which also received the name of 'Concerti da Chiesa.' The real inventor of the modern concerto as a concert piece was Giuseppe Torelli, who in 1686 published a 'Concerto da Camera' for two violins and bass. The form was developed by Corelli, Geminiani, and Vivaldi. From the first it resembled that of the sonata; and as the latter grew out of the suite, the movements becoming larger in form and with more internal cohesion, so it was also with the concerto: there is as much difference between a concerto by Bach and one by Beethoven as there is between the 'Suites Anglaises' and the 'Waldstein' sonata. In the time of Bach and Handel the word 'Concerto,' though applied exclusively to instrumental music, had a less restricted signification than is given to it in the present day. Many of the specimens of this form in the works of the masters named more nearly resemble symphonies than concertos in the modern acceptance of the term. For instance, the first of Handel's so-called 'Oboe Concertos' is written for strings, two flutes, two oboes, and two bassoons, and excepting in occasional passages these are treated orchestrally rather than as solo instruments; while of Bach we have a concerto for violino piccolo, three oboes, one bassoon, and two horns, with string quartet, and another for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, and double bass, neither of which possess the characteristics of a modern concerto. The form, moreover, of the older concerto was much freer than now. With Bach we find a preference for the three-movement form at present in use. In the whole of his piano concertos, as well as in those for one or two violins, we find an allegro, a slow movement, and a finale in quick time—generally 3-8. The two concertos named above are, exceptionally, the former in four and the latter in only two movements. With Handel, on the other hand, the three-movement form is the exception. As examples of the freedom of which he makes use, may be quoted the movements of two of his 'Twelve Grand Concertos' for two violins and violoncello *solis*, with accompaniment for stringed orchestra. These works are concertos in the modern sense, as regards the treatment of the solo instruments; but their form is as varied as possible. Thus the sixth consists of a Larghetto, Allegro ma non troppo, Minuetto, and two Allegros, the second of which (though not so entitled) is a minuet; while the eighth contains an Allemande, Grave, Andante allegro, Adagio, Siciliana, and Allegro. It should be mentioned here that Handel was one of the first, if

not the first, to introduce opportunities for extemporaneous performance on the part of the soloist, thus anticipating the 'cadenza,' an important feature of the modern concerto, to be spoken of presently. In the second movement of his Organ Concerto in D minor (No. 4 of the second set) are to be found no less than six places marked *organo ad libitum*, and with a pause over the rests in the accompaniments, indicating that the player (that is to say, he himself) was to improvise.

The modern form of the concerto was finally settled by Mozart, and though several modifications have been introduced during the present century, the general lines of construction remain the same as fixed by him. Nearly fifty concertos of his composition for various instruments are in existence, and, while presenting slight differences of detail, closely resemble one another in the more important points. The concerto form is founded upon that of the SONATA; there are however several variations which must be noted. In the first place, a concerto consists of only three movements, the scherzo, for some not very obvious reason, being excluded. For the sake of completeness it should be mentioned that Liszt's so-called Concerto-Symphonic in E flat, for piano and orchestra, has exceptionally a scherzo as the third of four movements.

The first movement in Mozart's concertos always begins with a *tutti* passage for the orchestra, in which the principal subjects are announced, much as in the first part of the first movement of a sonata. Sometimes the 'second subject' is omitted in this portion of the piece, but it is more frequently introduced. An important difference in form, however, is that this first *tutti* always ends in the original key, and not in the dominant, or the relative major (if the work be in a minor key), as would be the case in a sonata. The solo instrument then enters, sometimes at once with the principal subject, and sometimes with a brilliant introductory passage. A repetition, with considerable modification, of the first *tutti* mostly follows, now divided between the principal instrument and the orchestra; the second subject is regularly introduced, as in a sonata, and the 'first solo' ends with a brilliant passage in the key of the dominant (or relative major, as the case may be). A shorter *tutti* then leads to the second solo, which corresponds to the 'Durchführungssatz,' or 'working out' of a sonata, and which, after various modulations, leads back to the original key. The principal subject is then re-introduced by the orchestra, but in a compressed form, and is continued by the soloist with the 'third solo,' which corresponds in its form to the latter part of a sonata movement. A short final *tutti* brings the movement to a close. In most older concertos a pause is made, near the end of this last *tutti* upon the 6-4 chord on the dominant for the introduction of a cadenza by the player. Though very general, this custom was by no means universal; in several of Dussek's concertos—notably in his fine one in G minor, Op. 49—no such pause is indicated. The cadenza, when introduced, could be either improvised by the player, or previously composed, either by himself or by some other person. Mozart has left us thirty-five cadenzas written for various concertos of his own, which, though presenting in general no very great technical difficulties, are models of their kind. Beethoven has also written cadenzas for his own concertos, as well as for that by Mozart in D minor. In the cadenza the player was expected not merely to show off his execution, but to display his skill in dealing with the subjects of the movement in which it was introduced. A cadenza consisting entirely of extraneous matter would be altogether faulty and out of place, no matter what its technical brilliancy. It was the invariable custom to finish the cadenza with a long shake on the chord of the dominant seventh, after which a short passage for the orchestra alone concluded the movement. In older works the soloist was silent during these few bars; but in his concerto in C minor (Köchel's Catalogue, No. 491) Mozart for the first time tried the experiment of associating the piano with the orchestra after the cadenza; and his example was followed by Beethoven in his concertos in C minor, G major, and E flat.

Before proceeding to speak of the modifications introduced into the concerto by Beethoven and other more modern composers, it will be well to complete our description of the form as left by Mozart. The second movement, which might be an andante, a larghetto, an adagio, or any other slow tempo, resembled in its form the corresponding portion of a sonata. Sometimes the variation form was used, as in Mozart's two concertos in E flat (Köchel, Nos. 450 and 456); but more frequent-

ly the ordinary andante or larghetto was introduced. Two charming examples of the Romance will be found in the slow movement of Mozart's concertos in D minor and D major (Köchel, Nos. 466 and 537), though the latter is not, like the first, expressly so entitled, but simply bears the inscription *larghetto*. The solo part in the slow movements is frequently of an extremely florid character, abounding in passages of ornamentation. Sometimes a cadenza is also introduced at the close of this movement—e.g., in Mozart's Concertos in A major (Köchel, 414), C major (Köchel, 415), and G major (Köchel, 453). In such cases, as is evident from the examples written by Mozart himself for the works mentioned, the cadenza should be much shorter than in the first movement.

The finale of a concerto was mostly in rondo form, though examples are to be found in Mozart of the variation form being employed for this movement also; see concertos in C minor (Köchel, 491), and G major (Köchel, 453). Sometimes this rondo was interrupted by a complete change of tempo. Thus the rondo of the concerto in C major (Köchel, 415), which is in 6-8 time, is twice interrupted by an adagio in C minor, 2-4; in the middle of the rondo of the concerto in E flat (Köchel, 482) is introduced an andantino cantabile; while another concerto in E flat (Köchel, 271) has a minuet as the middle portion of the final presto. Short cadenzas were also frequently introduced in the finales; the concerto in E flat, just mentioned, has no less than three, all of which, instead of being left to the discretion of the player, are, exceptionally, written out in full. Similar short cadenzas will be found in the rondo of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, Op. 27, while in the finale of the concerto in G, Op. 58, a pause is made with the special direction 'La cadenza sia corta'—the cadenza to be short.

The innovations introduced by Beethoven in the form of the concerto were numerous and important. Foremost among these was the greater prominence given to the orchestra. In the concertos of Mozart, except in the tutti, the orchestra has little to do beyond a simple accompaniment of the soloist, but with Beethoven, especially in his later concertos, the instrumental parts have really symphonic importance. Beethoven was also the first to connect the second and third movements (see concertos in G and E flat), an example which was imitated by Mendelssohn, in whose pianoforte concertos in G minor and D minor all the movements follow continuously. Beethoven, moreover, in his concertos in G and E flat, broke through the custom of commencing the work with a long tutti for the orchestra; in the former the piano begins alone, and in the latter it enters at the second bar. It is worthy of remark that the same experiment had been once, and only once, tried by Mozart, in his little-known concerto in E flat (Köchel, 271), where the piano is introduced at the second bar. One more innovation of importance remains to be noticed. In his concerto in E flat, Op. 73, Beethoven, instead of leaving a pause after the 6-4 chord for the customary cadenza, writes his own in full, with the note 'Non si fa una Cadenza, ma attacca subito il seguente'—do not make a cadenza, but go on at once to the following. His cadenza has the further peculiarity of being accompanied from the nineteenth bar by the orchestra. Another curious example of an accompanied cadenza is to be found in that which Beethoven has written for his pianoforte arrangement of his violin concerto, Op. 61, through a considerable part of which the piano is accompanied by the drums, which give the chief subject of the movement.

It is evident that the example of Beethoven in his E flat concerto led the way to the disuse of the introduced cadenza in the first movement. Neither Mendelssohn nor Brahms in their pianoforte concertos have inserted one at all; and where such is intended, composers mostly write out in full what they wish played, as for example Mendelssohn in his violin concerto, op. 64 (where, it may be remarked in passing, the cadenza is in the middle of the first movement, and not at the end). Schumann (concerto in A minor, op. 54) and Raff (concerto in C minor, op. 185) have also both written their cadenzas in full.

The concertos written since those of Beethoven have been mostly constructed upon the lines he laid down. The introductory tutti has been shortened (as in Mendelssohn's, Schumann's, and Raff's concertos), though occasionally works are still written in the older form, the most striking example being Brahms's concerto in D minor, in which the piano does not enter till the ninety-first bar. Sometimes also a quickening of the tempo is introduced at the

end of the first movement (Schumann, Op. 54; Grieg, Op. 16). Various other modifications have been made by different composers, of which it is not necessary to speak in detail, as they are merely isolated examples, and have not, at least as yet, become accepted as models of the form. The two concertos for piano and orchestra by Liszt are constructed upon a plan so different from that generally adopted that they should rather be described as fantasias or rhapsodies than as concertos in the ordinary meaning of the term.

Sometimes concertos are written for more than one solo instrument, and are then known as double, triple, etc., concertos as the case may be. The construction of the work is precisely the same as when composed for only one instrument. As examples may be named Bach's concertos for two violins, and for two, three, and four pianos; Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos, and in C for flute and harp; Beethoven's triple concerto, op. 56, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Maurer's for four violins and orchestra. Mendelssohn's autograph MSS., now in the Imperial Library at Berlin, contain two Concertos for two pianos and orchestra, and one for piano and violin, with strings.

Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival.

(From the London Times.)

October 15.

The Festival began to-night with a very interesting programme. Handel's delightful pastoral, "the pastoral of pastorals" as it has been justly styled, could hardly be more fitly mated than by the *Seasons* of Haydn. The juxtaposition of the two undying works proved highly attractive. St. Andrew's Hall, which never wore a more brilliant aspect, was thronged in every part, and the audience were delighted with the musical entertainment provided for them. When Sir Julius Benedict appeared in the orchestra he was welcomed, as he deserved to be, with cordial enthusiasm. The National Anthem was then given by the leading singers, chorus, and orchestra. It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the execution of such familiar works as those of Handel and Haydn. There was one disappointment unanimously felt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was to have sung the part of Acis, being disabled by temporary indisposition from fulfilling the task assigned to him. Our rising young tenor, Mr. W. Shakespeare, however, was a most adequate substitute, and Mr. H. J. Minns undertook the music of Damon, originally set down for Mr. Shakespeare. The Polyphemus was Mr. Santley, to remind our musical readers of whose recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," and its incomparable sequel, "O ruddier than the cherry," the most colossal of love songs, would be superfluous. Miss Anna Williams was a charming Galatea, and all concerned, including chorus, orchestra, and conductor, did their very utmost to please, with success in proportion. As much may be recorded of Haydn's "Spring," in which Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. R. Hilton and Shakespeare took the parts of Jane, Simon, and Lucas. In fact, the entire performance was of more than average merit, and constituted an evening well spent.

October 16.

The performance this morning of Dr. Macfarren's *Joseph* fully bore out the verdict pronounced by musicians and amateurs at Leeds, for whose most recent festival it was expressly written. The Leeds verdict was simply unanimous, which need cause little surprise, seeing that the merits of the oratorio—the English oratorio *par excellence*—sufficiently attest its justice. *Joseph* is, we think, beyond question a great work and an honor to our school of sacred music, to which we owe so much that is admirable—far more, indeed, than some critics may feel inclined to grant. That at the same time it belongs to the modern style of oratorio, raised to such a height by Mendelssohn in his *Elijah*, is equally true; but this is equivalent to admitting that it belongs to, and reflects the spirit of, our own time, which desires, if not absolutely new forms, at least new methods of coloring and expression. Professor Macfarren, understanding this from the beginning—as demonstrated plainly enough in *John the Baptist*, produced at Bristol, and the *Resurrection*, composed some time after for the Birmingham Festival—has advanced steadily in the same path, and is likely to persist conscientiously in following it. It must not be deduced from the foregoing that our gifted countryman looks back with indifference to the past. A musician so vari-

ously learned would be unlikely to ignore what the illustrious dead have accomplished for the art of which he is an earnest and conscientious teacher. On the contrary, he has mastered nearly all that can be learnt from those inexhaustible sources, and, moreover, honestly makes use of them whenever it suits his immediate purpose. Now that, almost too late in his career, it may with deference be said, Professor Macfarren begins to devote his chief attention to the composition of sacred music in its highest forms, the results of early training are evident in his ready command of development, which, apart from natural gifts, is the most convincing sign that a true musician is before us. The specimens of fugal writing contained in his oratorios may be traced to determined perseverance and assiduous self-culture. In each of the three we find examples that are real masterpieces of contrapuntal skill; and, not to dwell upon the grand and elaborate chorus which brings the opening part of *John the Baptist* to a conclusion, or to anything of a similar kind belonging to the *Resurrection*, we may point to "No. 6" in the oratorio which met with such cordial recognition to-day, as a piece of writing in the style alluded to, for transparent clearness of part-writing and ingenuity of contrivance not easily to be surpassed;—we mean the fugal chorus, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," one of those commentaries, after the manner of the Chorus in Greek tragedy, which, as well as dialogues and purely dramatic scenes, are prominent and not less characteristic features of *Joseph*. Professor Macfarren, it should be observed, does not write fugues for the mere sake of writing fugues, and is almost as chary of them in this, his last great effort, as Mendelssohn in *Elijah*; but when, at rare intervals, they appear, it is with a plainly distinct purpose—no other, in fact, than to give staid and dignified expression to certain passages, best realized by the aid of purely scholastic treatment.

The oratorio is divided into two parts, the argument of the first—headed "Canaan," according to the well-chosen and ably-compiled text of Dr. E. G. Monk, organist of York Cathedral, Professor Macfarren's coadjutor in the work—being as subjoined:—

"Peacefulness of pastoral life. Disturbed by the jealousy of Joseph's brethren; their conspiracy to destroy him; his life spared by Reuben. Approach of the Ishmaelites; they purchase Joseph from his brethren; Joseph's farewell to his country. The false report of his death brought to Jacob; the grief of Jacob and the attempts of his sons and daughters to comfort him."

The second part transports us to another region. Here, under the title of "Egypt," the incidents marking the progress and leading to the conclusion of the exquisite Biblical story are thus set forth in the synopsis—

"The pomp of Pharaoh's Court; he relates his dreams; the failure of the wise men to interpret them; Joseph is brought from prison, expounds them, and is installed as governor with great splendor. Description of the years of plenty and of famine. First interview between Joseph and his brethren; Joseph requires them to produce Benjamin; they return to Canaan, and Reuben persuades Jacob to allow Benjamin to accompany them. Second interview between Joseph and his brethren in the presence of the house of Pharaoh, when he makes himself known to them. Arrival of Jacob and all his family. Retrospective sketch of story from Psalm cv.

No more favorable opportunity for exciting the interest and stimulating the inventive powers of a composer in the strain of mind which has of late years influenced Professor Macfarren could be imagined, and the success with which he has taken advantage of it makes our wonder the greater that, during a long and always more or less encouraging career, he did not begin much earlier to labor in a field so eminently suited to his peculiar artistic temperament. Within a few years he has composed three oratorios of high pretension and adequate performance, which despite the recognized merits of his operas, cantatas, symphonies, quartets, sonatas, part-songs, glees, and vocal music of all kinds—are unquestionably the works that exhibit his genius and talent at their best, and are, if only on that account, the most likely to endure.

Some disturbing influences seemed in all likelihood to bode ill for to-day's performance of *Joseph*. Both Mme. Albani—an immense favorite here ever since her first appearance at the Norwich Festival—and Mr. Edward Lloyd were indisposed; so it seemed probable that neither of them would be able to come forward. Chance, however, turned out more propitious, and, though Mr. Lloyd was unable to sing in *Acis and Galatea* yesterday, and Mme. Albani at the rehearsal of the Oratorio had to be helped out by the clever and intelligent Miss Anna Williams, both were sufficiently recovered to undertake their appointed tasks, to the great satis-

faction of the audience, of the conductor, and especially, it may well be supposed, of the composer, who was present. Sir Julius Benedict made a short speech, asking indulgence for Mme. Albani, who, still laboring under indisposition, would nevertheless endeavor to perform the duties assigned to her sooner than disappoint her audience. But, happily, her singing showed few traces of the indisposition pleaded on her behalf. She sang with the same enthusiasm and the same depth of expression as at Leeds a year since, her efforts winning cordial and well-merited recognition.

THE BLACK WOLF. This must be credited to the *Leipzig Signale*, from which we translate:

"The famous violinist Vieuxtemps, on one of his artistic journeys, found himself in quite an embarrassing predicament. He was passing the night at the house of a rich Russian, and at dinner he was not a little dismayed to see a black mass under the table directing his burning eyes upon him. 'Don't be disturbed,' said the lady of the house, 'it is the black wolf, he is tame.'—In the evening, when Vieuxtemps was going to bed, the same black wolf appeared again. 'Don't be alarmed, it is the black wolf, I'll drive him away,' said the servant. On the next morning, Vieuxtemps heard musket shots ringing from the court-yard. 'What's the meaning of that?' he asked the servant entering. 'Don't be alarmed,' the servant answered: 'they are shooting the black wolf, because last night he tore our cook to pieces.'"

NEWPORT, R. I.—The following programme of a private concert, which took place here near the end of August, is good enough to be referred to even at this late day. Not having room for it when we received it, we overlooked it until now. The concert was given by Messrs. Jas. H. Wilson, of New York, and C. N. Allen and Wulff Fries, of Boston.

- Trio in B minor**.....Mendelssohn
For Piano, Violin and Violoncello.
Messrs. Wilson, Allen, and Fries.
- Aria**—"Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni,"
Mozart
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
(Violoncello obligato by Wulff Fries.)
- Violin Solo**.....Bach-Wilhelmj
a. Air.....Wienlawski
b. Polish Dance.....C. N. Allen.
- Piano Solo**—Andante Spianato and Polonaise,
Chopin
J. H. Wilson.
- Solo**.....Bach
a. Sarabande.....Mozart
b. Menuet.....Wulff Fries.
- Songs**.....Raff
a. Serenade.....Taubert
b. "My darling was so fair,"
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
- Trio in G**.....Haydn
Messrs. Wilson, Allen and Fries.

The Wilhelmj Concerts.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Herr August Wilhelmj has come, seen and conquered; his conquest of our public has been complete. Yet before entering upon the consideration of his in every way marvellous playing, may I be permitted to express my astonishment at one not unimportant point in the great artist's first appearance here?

It matters nothing whether Wilhelmj is the "greatest" living violinist or not; probably no man can fairly claim the title, and in this matter the opinions of the contemporary German press can have but little weight. The contending musical parties in Germany are as acrimoniously polemical as are our own political parties. Joseph Joachim is known to be a close friend and ardent admirer of Johannes Brahms; August Wilhelmj is known to be an equally warm friend and enthusiastic admirer of Richard Wagner. In view of the intensely partisan spirit which reigns over German musical criticism, it is not difficult to tell to which of the two great violinists a Brahmsite paper would give the title of "greatest," nor upon which of them a Wagnerite sheet would confer the same mark of distinction. But, as I have said, the title has no value except to advertising agents and lion-hunters. To musicians it means nothing, and Herr Wilhelmj, for one, is certainly great enough to dispense with it.

Wilhelmj is undoubtedly a very great violinist (to take the element of comparison on an otherwise fitting superlative), and by this term we understand now-a-days something more than a

great executant; we take it to mean a great artist.

Now with what does this great artist make his first bow before an audience whose musical qualifications he has no sound reason for despising? With a Beethoven concerto in D, a Mendelssohn or Mozart concerto, or even with Joachim's Hungarian concerto? with anything that can be fairly ranked as belonging to the highest class of violin music? No! It was with Paganini's concerto in D, a composition which may be considered a violin classic in a certain very restricted sense, but which has little to recommend it as music, saving its, by this time, rather time-tarnished brilliancy. This was followed by an arrangement of the air from Bach's D-major suite, made by Wilhelmj himself, and arranged in a way that, if it showed the violinist's eye for the effect to be drawn from fine cantabile playing on the G string, also showed the musician's utter disregard for the integrity of Bach's work, and, what is equally bad, the most exact want of appreciation of its intrinsic beauties. Ernst's *Airs hongroises* and Wilhelmj's transcription of a Chopin Nocturne are excellent things of their kind—fascinating *hors d'œuvres* when the main dish has been satisfying, but not things one would care to judge a great artist by.

Apart from all considerations of Herr Wilhelmj's relation to his audience, what opinion must we form of his relation to art and to the glorious list of really great compositions for his instrument, when he comes before us for the first time with such a meagre—one is tempted to say such a compromising—provision of music? He stands in the very foremost rank among modern violinists, and utterly forgetful of what is meant by *noblesse oblige*, he lowers himself at the outset to the level of a mere virtuoso. On subsequent evenings he has played some really noble music, but why did he not stand forth at once as the artist every one believes him to be, and not dash our expectations in the beginning by doing a comparatively—low thing, only to be at the trouble of redeeming his character afterwards? This must be said to approach as nearly to the immoral as anything in the range of instrumental performance well can.

But now, to take Herr Wilhelmj as we have found him, and to put a truce to wishing for the thing that is not, his remarkable qualities as a violinist are apparent on the very surface. In the first place it may be safely said that such a violin tone has never been heard here, so full and round, of such commanding volume, yet without lacking that delicate, incisive quality, which is characteristic of the violin. It has all the warm glow of Vieuxtemps, the delicacy of Wienlawski, the mellow sweetness of Ole Bull—and added to these, it has a vigor and volume which are entirely its own. No violinist has yet visited us who had at his command such variety in *timbre*. In so far as quality of tone, *per se*, is concerned, Wilhelmj can fulfil the requirements of every class of violin music. Of his executive ability, his technique, it is needless to speak—call it absolute, and you have hit upon the right word, which in all cases is as good as a whole page. In considering the higher artistic attributes of the man, the most notable point in his playing is the rare balance he shows between an intense and eagerly passionate nature and that power of self-command which can only come from a naturally stout and well-cultured intellect. He has plenty and to spare of musical powder to burn, but he never wastes it. This is the point in which he is, upon the whole, the superior of his predecessors here; in the intense quality of his nature, and in his absolute command over it.

In some other qualities some of the great violinists we have heard in Boston can over-bid him. Of the almost feminine grace of Wienlawski, of that peculiar Gallic power of fascination which Vieuxtemps possessed to such an extraordinary degree, there seems to be little in him. Grace and winsomeness are not his striking qualities. But in virile force he far surpasses his rivals. No one whom we have heard here could play the ever-glorious Bach *Chaconne* as he did. That is a crucial test of the artist's mettle. It takes the highest man to do the highest work. It is a matter of regret that Herr Wilhelmj has played nothing of Mozart here. It would have been interesting to hear something by the great Salzburger from his bow; for however much Mozart may be ranked as one of a class among composers—especially among violin composers—his music forms a class wholly by itself from the æsthetic qualities it demands in the performer; not higher qualities than are required by Bach, Beethoven or Mendelssohn, but different ones.

It is easy to see that whatever Wilhelmj takes hold of, he takes hold of in grim earnest. It is uncommon to see a man take everything so seriously as he does. Hence it comes that the greater the music he plays, the better he plays it. If he have a failing, it lies in a certain want of versatility of conception. His phenomenal tone and noble breadth of phrasing make every thing he does more than enjoyable, yet at times one could wish that the earnestness and breadth of style which find proper food in a Bach *Chaconne* or a Mendelssohn *Andante*, did not invade the domain of music of a less serious, often of a frivolous character.

But Herr Wilhelmj unites more and higher qualities in himself than any violinist we have heard here before. He possesses that spark of genius which compels enthusiasm, and the intellectual power of making that enthusiasm lasting. His playing is on a very high plain, and if he sometimes plays music in many ways unworthy of himself, he does his best to raise it to his own high level, and to prevent its dragging him down. Of trickery, of mannerism even, there is not a trace in his playing; all is nobly straightforward and honest. Even those little mannerisms which might be called inherent in almost all violin-playing do not taint his style. In a word he is a great artist; and such a *rara avis* is a really great artist; that, in the eyes of a musician, is a higher title than the loud-sounding, but trite, "greatest living" anything.

Of the things Herr Wilhelmj has played here I have already mentioned the Bach *Chaconne*. To say that he played it well, grandly even, is praise enough for any violinist, no matter how great. As for his other selection from Bach,—or rather after Bach, as the Germans would say,—the air from the orchestral suite in D, he played his version of it superbly, but the version is a bad one. Does Herr Wilhelmj think that it would be a matter of indifference to Bach whether the upper part in his harmony were sung by a soprano or a tenor? Whether the upper part in an orchestral work were played as it was written, or transposed an octave lower? Whether the orotund fulness of tone of the G string were substituted for the searching tenderness of the upper register of the violin? If so, he has studied his Bach to little purpose. This is not a mere quibble; it touches a vital point in the music, a composition so divine that no man on earth has a right to make it fascinating, save in its own divine way. Of the transcriptions of Chopin's D flat nocturne, and the "Preislied" from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, the former is by far the more successful, and, if report speaks true, is one of the things for the playing of which Herr Wilhelmj has been most applauded throughout Europe. It was, in truth, wonderfully played; if not in the spirit in which Chopin conceived it when he wrote it for the piano-forte, it seemed to be at least played absolutely as Chopin would have conceived it, had he written it for the violin. The *Andante* and *Finale* from Mendelssohn's violin concerto were inspiringly played—aye, every bit of playing Herr Wilhelmj has given us was inspiring, and inspiring in a high way, too. The *Andante* and variations from the Kreutzer Sonata were played in the most exquisite style. Of Herr Wilhelmj's other selections there is no need of speaking—although they won him much applause—for they were unworthy his power, and I may be permitted to say, less fitted to his peculiar genius than to that of some other artists, whom he can easily distance in higher flights, but who need not fear him as a rival when the brilliant and intoxicating rendering of virtuoso pieces is in question.

The other artists of the company call for little comment. * * * * *

Yet what a setting for such a jewel as Wilhelmj! What more than miserable programmes! That such concerts, with such an august name heading the programme, are—I will not say tolerated, but—possible in our community, shows that something is radically wrong somewhere.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

Music in Leipzig.

(From Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 15, 1878.—The representations of Richard Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*, forming the second and third parts of *The Nibelung's Ring*, had the effect of not only bringing the friends of the distinguished composer out in strong array—these attending performance after performance with a regularity and unflinching patience that at least prove their sincerity—but also an army of others from this and other cities. As often as given, the

large theatre has been filled, and this means considerable in connection with an unusually high admittance fee. There does not, as yet, seem to be any apparent abatement in the numbers anxious to see and hear, though it is a significant fact that, with the exception of those extremely prejudiced in favor of the musical peculiarities of *The Nibelung's Ring*, none seem to care to take advantage of a repetition. It is, therefore, all but certain that, in a little while, either Wagner's colossal work will entirely disappear from the repertoire, or submit to considerable trimming and cutting. Already the orchestral members, all of them also members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, are complaining of being overtaxed, so much so, that a suspension of the Gewandhaus concerts, during November, has been suggested if Wagner's Trilogy should continue to be given in its complete form. This would call up such a storm of indignation against the directors of the theatre and render them so unpopular that either it will have to be withdrawn for the present or run the risk of endangering their business interests. Both plays were represented with the same attention to detail that characterized the performances of *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* last Spring. The orchestra did nobly, never failing nor tiring; following willingly and easily every motion of its enthusiastic leader, Sucher, just as was to be expected from the old and reliable orchestra. Unger as Siegfried, the creator of the part in Bayreuth, was simply grand, and so was Schelper in the parts of "Der Wanderer" (Wotan) and Hagen. Frau Wilt, as Brunhilde, fully appreciated the possibilities of her part, and, possessing powers equal to these, using them with overwhelming effect, the impression she made by her masterly creation is not easily to be forgotten. Rebling as Mime was very good, less in voice, however, than in action. In a recently published letter of Richard Wagner to Neumann, the operatic director, he condescends to be much pleased with the performances and their results.

Last Thursday evening the first Gewandhaus concert was given, with the following programme:

Mozart—Symphony, D major.
 Haendel—Aria from "Samson."
 Rubinstein—Piano concerto, D minor.
 Hofmann—Aria from "Armin."
 Bach—Saint-Saëns—Chor and large.
 Rubinstein—Etude, C major.
 Beethoven—Symphony No. 2, D major.

Capellmeister Reinecke was warmly greeted by the audience, as he well deserved to be. From first to last it was a highly enjoyable concert. Frau Schuch-Proska, from Dresden, sang the vocal numbers, and Herr Löwenberg, from Vienna, was the pianist.

A largely attended concert given by Rafael Joseffy on Sunday evening, in the Gewandhaus hall, is worth referring to. The following was the programme:

Chromatic fantasia and fugue.....Bach
 Variations serieuses.....Mendelssohn
 Frauenliebe und Leben (8 songs).....Schumann
 Sonatas, G minor and F minor.....Scriabin
 Menuet.....Boccherini-Joseffy
 Nocturne, No. 2.....Schumann
 Moment musical, A flat.....Schubert
 Nocturno, Etude, F minor, Mazurka.....Chopin
 Chant, polonaise and valse.....Chopin
 Tansarabesken.....Joseffy
 Spinnerlied aus "Flying Dutchman".....Liszt
 Tarantella (Venezia e Napoli).....Liszt

The young pianist, a former student of the conservatory, and later a private pupil of Carl Tausig, has swift and delicate fingers. His playing is a perfect model of pianistic finish and refinement, but, unfortunately he lacks in those higher qualities which belong to true musicianship, a want that was sadly felt in his interpretations of Bach and Schumann. The vocal numbers were sung by Frau Anna Schultzen von Asten, all of them enjoyably, but not always so warmly as is called for by the sentiment inspiring those singularly beautiful songs of Robert Schumann.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 9, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-songs by Robert Franz and by Geo. Vierling, which we are now giving to our readers, are taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

SCHUMANN'S "GESAMMELTE SCHRIFTEN." We understand that the second volume of Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter's translations from Schumann's papers about "Music and Musicians" is in press, and will be issued, simultaneously in London and New York, during the Christmas season. This, we believe, will make the collection essentially complete. The first series passed through three editions in a year and a half,—an uncommon success for a book on music, even though by Robert Schumann.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The Eight Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association (Fourteenth Season) are now officially announced. Those who have already subscribed, as well as new applicants, may obtain their tickets and select their seats at the Music Hall on and after Tuesday next (Nov. 12). Price of season ticket, \$8.00. The Concerts will be given on Thursday Afternoons December 5 and 19; January 9 and 30; February 13 and 27; March 13 and 27.

The programmes, both in matter and in execution, will be the very best which the means at the disposal of the Committee will allow. As there seems to be no prospect of any other Symphony Concerts in our city during the whole winter, is there not reason to hope that the attention of all true friends of Music will be concentrated upon these, so as to strengthen and build up into permanence one of our most important local institutions? Showmen and speculators will always cater to our curiosity and love of momentary excitement; but it is to institutions alone that we can safely entrust the keeping of the sacred fire, the upholding of the high, pure standard, and the real education of the public taste. Our institutions must be the test and measure of the musical character of Boston. In the Handel and Haydn Society we have one institution, for Oratorio, which is firmly established and doing every year a nobler work. Its twin institution should be a permanent and noble Orchestra, as needful to the Oratorio as to the Symphony; and so long as we do not sustain it, so long as we do not give it a fair chance to breathe and be itself, and to improve by constant practice and by paying occupation, so long Boston cannot claim to be in truth a musical city.

Every new subscriber, therefore, to these Concerts will be adding something to the chances of a better orchestra, with more rehearsal, and to the Committee's power to make the Concerts worthy of our City. As the case now stands, the zeal and perseverance of a few has barely saved the Concerts, in spite of the indifference of the many, and even the chilling frowns of some. They who withhold encouragement and patronage must not complain of any poverty-stricken aspect which they themselves compel the programmes and performances to wear.

It is too early to announce the programmes. Suffice it to say for the present, as we have said already, that the list of Symphonies will undoubtedly include the second and the seventh (and possibly the *Eroica*) of Beethoven; the second, in C, of Schumann; of Haydn, probably the charming "Oxford," in G, never heard but once in Boston (seven years ago), and another never given here; of Mozart, one quite new here, or as good as new; the new Symphony, in D, by Brahms; and, for an eighth, perhaps (for the first time) that in C minor by Spohr, or, possibly, a new Symphony fresh from its composer's brain. That will make four new ones out of eight, and one of the others next to new. Of course it will be one study of those charged with the programmes to find interesting novelties in shorter forms of Overture, etc. And some of the successful novelties of the past two seasons will have to be repeated, such as: the Triple Concerto by Bach, in C, or perhaps the other one, in D minor; the *Paulus* Overture of Mendelssohn; the *Rosamunde* Overture of Schubert, and that brilliant "Reitermarsch" of his in Liszt's arrangement, etc., etc. No engagements are yet made with solo artists, but there will be no lack of good ones, vocal and instrumental.

MUSICAL INTERFERENCE. Some months ago we ventured mildly to protest against a very vicious, very vulgar practice, which has prevailed for some time in our theatres; namely, that annoying, harrowing accompaniment of all the pathetic passages and crises in the play by a subdued tremolo of strings, or a wailing of the whole orchestra. It is an interference with the theatre-goer's rights; it undertakes to do his feeling for him, to reflect his own impressions back upon him from the stage. It is an impertinence, and cannot be frowned or hissed out of fashion any too soon. It is enough to keep one who has any taste or sense of fitness away from theatres entirely. We were pleased therefore to find the other day the following in the New York Tribune:

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR: Is there any conceivable reason why the orchestra should spoil every pathetic passage in a play by a wailing accompaniment? The orchestras at American theatres seldom justify their existence at all. They interrupt conversation between the acts, and torture delicate ears with their discords. They may be said, it is true, to set the step for a multitude of thirsty men, who go out "to see a friend" as soon as the curtain falls. Often, too, during the play they serve to indicate that the audience is desired to weep, which otherwise no one would suspect. But why a noble emotion, nobly expressed, a heroic act or an agonizing death should be made ridiculous by a squeaking band, remains up to the present moment incomprehensible. It is exasperating thus to be cheated out of an intellectual pleasure paid for in advance. I am not a profane man myself, but I will gladly pay the admission fee of any one who, when I nudge him, will audibly exclaim: "D—n that orchestra." L.

—New York, October 23, 1878.

The Latest Innovation in the Manner of Giving Concerts.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Permit me in a few words to call your attention to the great change that has taken place in the manner of giving concerts in Boston, and, with the exception of New York, I presume it is the same elsewhere.

Managers of "lyceum bureaus," who used to cater for our intellect, and had us lectured from a scientific, moral, religious, sentimental, comical, and every other point of view, suddenly have taken it into their heads to educate us from an artistic point of view, and have taken the matter of giving concerts into their hands. Thus, by the side of J. B. Gough, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, J. T. Fields, etc., etc., we have the "Marie Rose-Mapierson Operatic Combination," the "Albaisa Italian Opera Concert Company," the "Phillips-Brignoli Company," the "Myron W. Whitney Company," etc., etc., etc.; and the most recent attraction is Mr. August Wilhelmj, with the combination of harp, singing, and a "grand orchestra" drummed together for the occasion, making the whole (I quote from the flaming advertisement) "an extraordinary combination of eminent artists, and in order to give everybody an opportunity to attend these 'remarkable musical' feasts, the following popular scale of prices has been adopted," etc., etc.

We also hear of wholesale bargains for concerts to be given wholesale, and the whole thing has degenerated into a money-making business. The majority will applaud, but the minority may as well be afraid. I belong to the minority, who view this state of affairs with extreme regret. Artemus Ward would have called it a "show business," but everyone who is interested in the cause of art must feel that to treat it thus is a stain on modern civilization. There can be no true progress where there is no true standard. The programme that is offered us at Mr. Wilhelmj's concert, "a great musical event," is not one that he, as a true artist, can countenance, and in fact he, himself, only plays twice! I want him and others to feel that there are a few among us who, though they understand that such artists as he who visit us are only tempted to do so by the prospect or certainty of pecuniary gain, appreciate also how little these artists seem to value their artistic reputation in this country, and how they lend themselves to do things here which they never would dare to do in their own homes.

It is only a small voice that pleads for reverence for art, but it is a sincere one, inspired by the hope that art, which is only in its infancy in this country, may grow to maturity, and deprecating the idea of having it trodden under foot by the desire of worldly gain.

CONCERT-GOER.

—October 26, 1878.

We have much sympathy with the above. The writer evidently meant it all right, but he lays himself open to a reply which the lecture bureau managers were sure to make (though they made it with a deal of superfluous verbiage in the way of feeble

wit and semi-classical affectation); namely to the charge, which he would of course repudiate, of asking a great artist to exhibit his powers, or a manager to bring him to us, without money and without price. The programmes indeed have been unworthy; but in fact Wilhelmj, although only put down twice, has given us each evening a very copious allowance of his best, even volunteering for an encore the entire great *Chaconne* of Bach.

The point of the whole difficulty, as we are always preaching, lies just here: The only remedy and real bulwark against the vulgarizing arts and influences of showmen, in the matter of concert-giving, must be found in authoritative, conservative, established musical institutions of our own. When you have made these so strong that they can command the services of the Rubinstains and Bülows, the Joachims and Wilhelmjs, and present them on their nobler platform of true programmes, then all the momentary fashions, and sensational "attractions" with which the speculator, with no music in his soul, lays snares continually for the groundlings, will do comparatively little harm, and possibly some good. Art well provided for, amusement will be safe; and if his Majesty the People wants to be amused, you can then afford to cheer him and cry: *Laissez faire*.

Concerts.

The ALHAIZA ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERT TROUPE gave three Concerts at the Boston Music Hall in the last week of October. We were only able to attend the second, Friday evening, October 25. The party consisted of four not particularly interesting singers, and one admirable pianist, Herr FRANZ RUMMEL. Of him we will speak first. His principal selection, the extremely difficult, original and deeply significant "Etudes" (or Variations) "Symphoniques," by Schumann, we have never before heard rendered in a more masterly manner. In touch and accent, execution, phrasing, light and shade, it was all one could desire. The interpretation of each variation was pervaded with a true artistic and poetic feeling, and with manly fire and strength. He closed the concert with the Nocturne in A flat of Chopin, very delicately rendered; the "Harmónious Blacksmith" variations by Handel, in which his rapid runs were marvellously even, pure and limpid; and finally the tremendous Polonaise in E by Liszt, which we may truly say we have never heard so magnificently played before, and never has the composition itself interested us so much as in his performance. We trust Herr Rummel will re-visit Boston, and give us some day the yet greater pleasure of hearing him in a classical concert with an orchestra.

Mme. ALINA ALHAIZA, we are told, once sang here in an Opera Bouffe company. The name hardly sounds Italian, but seems Moorish. She has a flexible and brilliant voice of large compass, trained to quite facile florid execution. But in its higher range the tones are rather worn and harsh. She sang an Air and in a Duet (with Sig. LUBERTI, tenor) from Victor Massé's "Paul and Virginia," specimens of modern French melody not wanting in dramatic pathos, and which might have meant more to us, had we heard them with the complete instrumentation, instead of a mere pianoforte accompaniment, well as that was played by Mr. CHARLES E. PRATT.—Mlle. MATILDA TOMASI, with a sympathetic contralto voice, sang with more expression than any of the others, we thought, a couple of pieces from "Paul and Virginia" and the Romance of Mignon (Ambroise Thomas). Sig. Luberti did himself credit in the Duet by Massé and in the hacknied Romance from "Martha"; and Sig. BONIVARDI, with a rather shaky, large and powerful baritone, sang a somewhat lively Air from "Paul and Virginia," and in a duet from Halévy's "La Reine de Chypre" with the Tenor.—We were near forgetting to mention Mme. Alhaiza's performance of the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia*, which she gave with all the traditional stage movement, attitude and gesture, singing the music well; but save us from all mad scenes on a concert stage!

AUGUST WILHELMJ. There is in fact little else for us to do, but join in the universal praise which all the performances of this truly great violinist and great artist have called forth here and elsewhere. There is the less need for us to add aught, in the way of appreciation or analysis, seeing that we have copied on another page an article which sums up with singular completeness and exactness all

that we have felt and would have said both of the perfection of his art and of the inadequate, unworthy setting in which such miscellaneous concerts placed him. (And how can we afford not to copy articles like that, since we are always bound to let our readers have the best?)

Wilhelmj is a great artist—is not that enough? But when he is advertised and by the whole press pronounced "the greatest living violinist," one wonders whether they have ever heard of Joseph Joachim. He too is great, although no showman ever brought him to these shores; nor would he, were he to come at all, ever consent to come in that way.

There is more in Wilhelmj's playing to remind us of Joachim, than we have ever heard in any other violinist. There is the same great breadth of tone, the same great manliness of style and execution, the same supreme mastery of all technical means and difficulties; the same earnest, serious dealing with his Art, doing best that which is best worth the doing. Perhaps in the younger artist's marvellous purity and expressive quality of tone there is even more of sweetness, more of exquisite refinement than in Joachim's; it is difficult to compare them over an interval of eighteen years. When so long ago, in Dresden, Joachim stood up in the corner of his chamber, and to us sitting, sole auditor, in the opposite corner, played to us without accompaniment the incomparable *Chaconne* of Bach (greatest of all violin solos, we shall ever believe), it so thrilled through us and completely filled us, that we never hoped to hear the like again. We have enjoyed and felt the work a number of times since that. But last Friday evening, and again on Saturday afternoon (when he gave it for an encore!) Wilhelmj's rendering of the *Chaconne* did affect us and absorb us as if Joachim actually stood again before us. There was the same magistral breadth and singing quality of tone, the same grand sweep and sure, distinct progression of the full chords, the same convincing, satisfying and inspiring revelation of the inexhaustible depth and beauty of the work. And in his whole outward look and bearing the younger artist wears the impressive aspect of his older brother (let us not say rival) in his art. With perhaps somewhat more of the Beethoven breadth of forehead, there is the same massive head, the same gravity of countenance, the same self-respecting, self-forgetting dignity of presence, the same utter absence of affectation and of *ad captandum* trickery, the same complete absorption in the master and the work he is interpreting. He does not, like Ole Bull, fondle his instrument before the audience, and put his ear to it to listen after the sound has ceased; he does not sentimentalize and spoil expression by overdoing it; nor does he at the end of a brilliant feat of execution, smile delighted, as much as to say: what a great boy am I! His gravity of face is almost too monotonous; we do not know yet whether he has humor.

The first programme (Monday evening, Oct. 28) was not indeed one in which such an artist would have been likely to introduce himself in Germany. However admirable Wilhelmj was, the concert as a whole was third-rate. Think of three such hacknied vocal pieces in one programme as "Il balen" from *Trova-tore*, "Ernani, involami" and "Robert, toi que j'aime"! and sentimental ballads for encores! And such senseless finger gymnastics as that Fantasia on Airs from the *Prophète*, which Mme. CARRENO thrashed out on the Advertisement Grand! or the "Pasquinade" of Gettschalk. The lady can play finely, and has done so in these concerts when she had better music, or when she accompanied Wilhelmj. And then every time a harp solo, by a modest looking girl (Miss MAUD MORGAN) on a harp always out of tune, and only half tuned again for an encore piece! All this one had to sit through to get what he came for. The singers were in themselves acceptable. Sig. TAGLIAPIETRA, one of the most artist-like Italian baritones we have had here, sang in the chaste, refined style that he always does; and Miss KATE L. JAMES pleased by her fresh, sweet, clear soprano, and a good degree of vocal execution and expression. There was a small orchestra, such as could be picked up for an evening, which played Schubert's *Rosamunde* Overture much better than might have been expected, CARL ZERRAHN conductor, and closed the medley with the March from *Tannhäuser*, besides accompanying Wilhelmj.

That the great violinist should make his first bow with a show-piece of Paganini (Allegro of the Concerto in D) did not seem quite in character, nor did it harmonize with the first impression made by the very presence of the man. It showed what he could

do, to be sure, and one was soon lost in admiration of the wonderful performance, showing perfect mastery at all points. He answered the enthusiastic recall with something very different, with that heavenly Aria from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, playing it as Wieniawski did on the G string; and so rich and full and warm were the tones, so full of feeling, that one would have thought they came from a violoncello. It was not what Bach meant, who wrote it for the soprano of the violin, and of course put it out of all true relations with the original accompaniment. But it was marvellous *Cantabile* playing: it went to the very soul. The Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, by Ernst, was given with the greatest fire and verve, and vividness of contrast, and with all the romance of nationality. His encore piece after this was probably the most universally delightful thing he ever plays, that Nocturne of Chopin, transcribed by himself, and delicately accompanied by Mme. Carreno. The melody sang itself upon the strings, and nothing could exceed the tenderness, the searching pathos, the exquisite sweetness of the tones; it was hard to imagine that it was not written for the violin. Those rich chord passages, *glissando*, were thrillingly true and perfect, and the fine poetic *foriture* were more subtle than the pianoforte could make them even under a poet's fingers.—The first night's impression was of a greater violinist than was ever heard here before.

A paramount engagement robbed us of the second concert. Wilhelmj played the Mendelssohn Concerto,—not the whole, but the Andante and Finale; his own transcription from the *Meistersinger* "Preislied" (for an encore); Ernst's Fantasia di Bravura on the Romance and March from *Otello*; and again the Chopin Nocturne with Carreno, who also won encores by the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, Op. 27, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, responding with the "Turkish March" and a Chopin Waltz. The singers were the same, and the little orchestra played Mozart's *Figaro* Overture, and the Wedding March.

On Friday, Wilhelmj's first piece was the great *Chaconne* by Bach, and we can only add that the interpretation was worthy of the work, grand and completely satisfying, leaving a profound impression. It was after this, if we remember rightly, that he again played the "Preislied," preluding with the song to the "Evening Star" from *Tannhäuser*, with Mr. S. LIEBLING for pianist. We recognize a certain beauty in the "Preislied," a certain yearning aspiration, yet we do not derive much comfort from its restless, spell-bound, unprogressive, night-mare sort of melody; the violinist made the most of it—in his way.—That the Andante and Variations from the old "Kreutzer Sonata," with Mme. Carreno, were exquisitely played, goes without saying; and did the Chopin Nocturne follow? We forget. His last selection was the *Reverie* by Vieuxtemps, followed by a transcription of Schumann's *Abendlied*.

In the Matinée of Saturday, the great artist was most liberal with his best. He supplemented the Mendelssohn Concerto (two movements as before) with the Bach Aria; the "Preislied" with the Bach *Chaconne*; and the Hungarian Airs with—something, we presume, but could not stay to hear. Mme. Carreno played a Beethoven Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2) with much expression and refinement, especially the slow movement, but taking the quick movements at an extremely rapid tempo for so large a hall; also Henselt's "If I were a bird," charmingly rendered, and a dashing Octave Study by Kullak.—There was no orchestra after the second Concert.

Each successive hearing deepened the impression of Wilhelmj, and only made one crave to hear him more. He must certainly come back to us. Why will not our people so sustain Symphony Concerts, that they may be able for once to present such an artist on a purely artistic platform?

New York has music to its heart's content,—enough to spare for all of us: four different series of Symphony Concerts (the Philharmonic, under Neuenberg; the Brooklyn Philharmonic, for each of which Theodore Thomas makes the journey from Cincinnati; those by Dr. Damrosch, who will have Wilhelmj for his opening, and those at Chickering Hall, by Carlberg, who announces the famous Hungarian violinist, Remenyi). Then there is the Mapleson Opera, apparently well launched on a career of success; and there is the Oratorio Society under Dr. Damrosch; and much more besides. We should have made a resumé of it all in season, had we not indulged too long in vain expectation of a letter from a valued correspondent.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 4.—Max Strakosch's Company has left, after a week of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, under Mr. John F. Ford's management.

The operas given were "Un Ballo," "Martha," "Traviata," "Favorita," and Bizet's new Franco-Spanish opera "Carmen," all of which were played to fair houses only, except "Carmen," at which the attendance was somewhat above the average. The old ruse of holding a number of good seats in reserve to be conveniently disposed of on the evening of each performance, was again resorted to, but, very deservedly, without resulting in any evident benefit to the management.

The company opened with "Un Ballo," that abominable creation of Giuseppe Verdi, which neither in plot, music nor dramatic situations, can show any reason why it should exist. Your readers are probably all acquainted with the preposterous story which forms the ground-work of this flimsy production, and which, in its ridiculous improbability, cramps every attempt at dramatic action on the part of the performers. The opera should always meet with a favorable reception in your city, as a faithful chronicle of Boston in early colonial days (!). The enchanting scenic representations; for instance, of Boston Common towards the close of the seventeenth century, covered with trees and shrubbery, —the dismal cave in which the black sorceress "Ulrica" mutters her weird incantations over a small fire of chips and in close proximity to two tall marble columns, probably imported from the ruins of the Acropolis, by Riccardo, the Duke of Warwick, with an eye to the future modern Athens,—the early colonial villains, prowling about the Common after dark, looking for all the world like a lot of Italian banditti, fresh from the Apennines;—all this cannot fail to stir the heart of every patriotic Bostonian.

From a musical point of view the Company is not above the average, with the exception of Miss Cary, Miss Kellogg, and Mr. Conly, the basso, whose fine voice makes one regret his rather unprepossessing figure. Of the three tenors, but one, Ernesto Rosnati, deserves mention. As the Duke of Warwick his stage presence was dignified, and his voice nearly always true; the upper notes, however, though clear and ringing, requiring much effort and being often accompanied by that screeching peculiarity of voice nearly always found in very stout tenors. His voice has evidently seen better days, as has also that of the baritone Pantaleoni, who, however, compensates in a certain measure for voice deficiencies, by a graceful figure, expressive features and dramatic ability of no mean order.

Miss Catarino Marco, who had been considerably puffed in advance, had sufficient occasion to show what she could do as "Michaela" in "Carmen," and "Violetta" in "Traviata." Her voice is thin and ineffective, and the tremolo which she affects continually, becomes actually unbearable.

Of Miss Cary it is scarcely necessary to speak. As the black sorceress in Verdi's abomination, she had no opportunity to show either her magnificent voice, nor her powerful dramatic talent; but the "Favorita" afforded her the necessary scope for both. Theresa Titiens, the greatest "Favorita" that has ever appeared in this country, is dead. Who can excel Annie Louise Cary's "Favorita" to-day!

"Carmen" was played for the first time here on Thursday, with Miss Kellogg in the title-role, and Sig. Pantaleoni as "Escamillo," supported by an otherwise trashy cast, a passable chorus and an orchestra, which though rather small, was equal to the occasion. The coquettish Carmen was admirably acted by Miss Kellogg, who fairly outdid herself. The character suits her well, just as that of "Fillina" in "Mignon." In fact it is the only kind of character she can play with any great credit to herself. The music of the role is rather thankless and affords her no opportunity, as in "Fillina," to display her vocal abilities. Indeed the entire interest of the new opera centres on the proper dramatic representation of the coquettish cigarette-girl, whose affections flit from one to the other until they finally settle on the dashing *Torador*, her life being brought to a sudden close by the hand of a former lover. The only other character to apologize to a certain extent for a purposeless plot, is "Escamillo," the gallant, graceful, daring "Torador." The music of the part reminds one forcibly of the sensational songs of the Comte d'Arthemar, at one time very popular in French *Cafés* and German beer-gardens.

The untimely death of the heroine would imply that the play is a tragedy, but "Carmen" fails to excite the sympathy of her hearers, and her death does not arouse any tragic emotions.

The music throughout, although exceedingly pleasing, and abounding in fine concerted passages, and orchestral effects of the modern French school, is as sensational as the plot. It is opera bouffe of a high order.

A New York critic, after hearing "Carmen," says it is an opera one would like to hear again. Quite right, I would like to hear it again myself; but, the next time, I want to enjoy it in a beautiful garden, the trees in which are hung with Chinese lanterns, under a balmy Summer sky, over a glass of old Andalusian wine.

MUSIKUS.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 1.—The Strakosch Italian Opera Company has given five performances in the week beginning October 21,—*Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Ballo in Maschera*, each once, and *Carmen*, twice. The public support was not equal, we regret to say, to the deserts of the artists.

The crowning triumph was the "Masked Ball," which quite surprised the small public present, by its excellence and created a positive *furor*; Rosnati and Pantaleoni carrying off the laurels, and even shadowing the Cary and Kellogg in their favor with the public.

The debut of Miss Catarina Marco caused some fluttering among the critics, who, in my estimation, scarcely did justice to the lady. She has a grand stage presence, being tall and well-formed, has strikingly beautiful and expressive eyes, is a fine dramatic performer, and sings with *aplomb* and just intonation. Her voice is high Soprano, flexible and brilliant, yet scarcely sympathetic in quality, and her *trillo* is surpassingly fine at any pitch in her extended compass.

The debut of Mr. Westberg, a tenor, was a comparative failure. We do not know his nationality, but judge him to be German from his inferior method and emission of the voice. He sang correctly however, and showed good intentions.

The debut of Lazarini was, *per contra*, a comparative success, while Rosnati carried everything before him. Pantaleoni became a great favorite as did the other baritones, Cauffman and Gottschalk, and the basso, Conly.

Carmen, as you know, is taken from the novel by Prosper Mérimée, the libretto being written by Méilhac and Halévy, and the music composed by Georges Bizet, who died about three years ago. Notwithstanding the highly colored criticisms and praises of the English press—musical and other—we found the music very unsatisfying and tiresome, being forced, from sheer fatigue, to leave on its first night after the second act; but we returned to the task refreshed on the second night, and braced ourselves for the remaining portion. If you can imagine the possible effects of a long Sonata being played on the organ with the Twelfth and Dulciana in the Swell, Bourdon and Fifteenth in the Choir, Trumpet in the Great, and a four-foot Violin in the Real Organ, you may approach a realization of the bizarre treatment, however clever, of the orchestra. The melodies have a decided French turn, and the motives are given in a fragmentary way most puzzling and annoying even to those who do not ask for the "endless melody" of the new school. The story is simple, but is not treated with the usual force of the French dramatists: it all through hangs fire, and you feel as if waiting for something that ought to, but does not come. There is a slight suggestion of Offenbach, but none of his "go" and snap, which sometimes betray us, against our will, into a seeming liking of him. *Carmen* is called an "Opera Comique," but ends with a tragedy, thus putting us at sea in our previously learned classification. Suffice it to say that *Carmen* has failed to please the public; notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the artists to save it, and the splendid manner in which it was placed upon the stage. The cast comprehended Mesdames Kellogg, Marco, Lancaster, Hoffman, Messrs. Lazarini, Pantaleoni, Gottschalk, Cauffman, Barilli. The opera has been the only event of interest in musical circles since my last communication.

AMERICUS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 28.—I send you herewith the programme of the first of this season's concerts here. The Musical Society is to give four more, and the Arion Club four also.

Overture to Sakuntala (Op. 13) for Orchestra, Carl Goldmark
Recitative and Aria of Susanna, (Soprano) "Welcome, happiest moment," from the Opera "Figaro's Marriage," W. A. Mozart
Miss Bianca Redfield.
Maennerchor—"Spirit Song over the Waters," (Poem by Goethe) for tenors and basses, in four parts each, with accompaniment of two violas, two violoncellos, and Contra Bass, Franz Schubert
Ninth Symphony (D-minor, Op. 125) with Final Chorus on Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," L. van Beethoven.

The concert was very creditable. Of course the attempt to give the Ninth Symphony was a very ambitious one, both for the orchestra, which is picked up among local musicians, for the chorus; and for the soloists, who are all local singers, young and trained here. Such a performance as would be given by Thomas's Orchestra, with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, was not to be dreamed of. But this orchestra was fairly balanced, the chorus excellently so, and the soloists creditably up to their work; while the performance gave evidence of careful and painstaking drill on the part of the conductor, and of honest, enthusiastic work on the part of those under his command. The result was, not a faultless performance, but one which interested and inspired the audience, and which has done more to forward real musical progress here than half a dozen concerts by travelling orchestras could have done. The work of the societies is creating a musical atmosphere here, which is everything in musical growth and education.

The Musical Society is to give Schubert's C-major Symphony, Dec. 10. J. C. F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dormi Pure. (Sleep on). Serenade. G. 4. Scuderi. 50
F to g.
"Tu sei un angelo"—"Au jardin s'éveillant."
"Thou art my angel."
Quite easy for an Italian song, very smooth and pleasant to hear.

The Old Sailor Wife. F. 3. c to D. Molloy. 35
"For 'tis tide-time in the river,
And she cometh, oh! she cometh.
With a pull'e, haul'e, yee! heave boy!"
That's as near as Jean Ingelow can get a sailor's song; but it is very sweet for all that.

Old Fashion Dress. Bb. 3. d to E. Danks. 30
"It was the style years ago."
An old dress with a moral in its pocket.

In Meadows Green. Duet. D. 4. d to F. Brackett. 35
"No more from this sweet dream to part;
I feel the sunshine in my heart."
Quite an elaborate duet, which may be called two songs in one, since the two voices have each an independent melody, one of which is made skillfully to harmonize with the other. Fine poetry and music.

The Little Brown Church. Song and Cho. Pitts. 35
A. 2. E to C.
"There's a church in the valley by the
wildwood."
Pleasing, and in popular style. Easy compass.

How have I thought of thee. Eb. 4. E to G. Tipton. 30
"Trembling, lest some rude hand
Hath made her sweet home desolate."
Quite a varied Rhythm, and effective song.

Beauties of Carmen. By G. Bizet.

This set includes quite a number of pieces, vocal and instrumental, including the best airs of an opera which is now an European favorite. Some of the vocal pieces are:

Song of the Toréador. Ab. 4. b to F. 50
"Toréador, be wary!"
With the Guard. F. 4. c to F. 35
"One! Two! we're marking time!"
Neath the Ramparts of Sevilla. Seguidilla. D. 4. b to F. 40
"Chez mon ami, Lillas Paolia."
There are French and English words to the spirited songs.

Instrumental.

In the new Home. Waltzes. 3. Kéler Béla. 75
A very agreeable set of waltzes, which have Sweet Home in the Introduction and the Finale, and good music all the way between.

Guillaume Tell. Grand Fantasia. 6. Sydney Smith. 1.25
A doubly brilliant piece, in Smith's bright style.

Rapid Transit. Grand Galop de Concert. Ab. 4. Wels. Solo. 75
Four hands. 1.50
A rapid transit of the eye over this will show a great deal of power and energy, and players will be tempted to go over the track so well laid out.

Master Mason's March. Ab. 3. Karl. 40
A march of much richness and variety, and the brethren who wish to march on a Level around the Square, will find that it plumbs perfectly with their sense of harmony.

New Wedding March. Eb. 3. Wedel. 50
In a distant way is in the style of the old march, but is, nevertheless, quite a different piece; and, being new, will be welcome.

Gems from The Little Duke, by Lecocq. Galop. D. 3. Warren. 35
Arrangement of one of the pretty airs of the Opera.

6 Tone Pictures. Eudds, ea. 35
No. 1. Contentment. Db. 3.
It is with quite a contented feeling that one will try this again, after enjoying its melody once, twice or thrice.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

